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SENIOR ANNUAL NUMBER

— OF —

“The Missile”

PUBLISHED BY

THE SENIORS

— OF THE —

PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL,

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA,

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO.

PETERSBURG, VA.:

Presses of Frank A. Owen, 1119 Sheppard Street.

1922.

Res. Rm.

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WE, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-two, with loving thoughts of his example of patience and service, gratefully dedicate this Annual to the man who has not only inspired us to greater things, but has helped us carry out our plans and has made possible our "Missile" and this Annual,

MR. H. AUGUSTUS MILLER, JR.



Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.



Staff of the Annual.

Annual Staff.



EDITORS-IN-CHIEF:

Lois Barnes, Marion Scott.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Frances Meacham, Virginia Tucker.
Mary T. Meacham, Frances Miller.

ART EDITORS:

Gaines Goodman, Harvey Cooper,
Margaret McClure.

PHOTOGRAPHS:

 Margaret Jones, ch.,
Corley Price, Henry Plummer,
 Dorothy Mayes, Louis Wice.

Boys' Athletics—Ross Walthall.
Girls' Athletics—Annie Townsend.
Joke Editor—Robert Skinner.
Business Manager—Olin Gates.
Ass't Business Manager—Foster Gresham.
Circulation Manager—Frank Williamson.
Ass't Circulation Manager—Robert Wood.



Mr. F. M. Martin, Superintendent of Schools.



Mr. H. D. Wolff, Principal.



Mr. J. G. Scott, Ass't Principal.



- COOPER -



1. Mr. H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
2. Mr. D. Pinckney Powers.
3. Miss Sara Royall.
4. Miss Evelyn Whitmore.
5. Miss Bessie Hall.
6. Miss Virginia Goodwin.

7. Mr. Walter Stuart.
8. Mr. Howard Freas.
9. Miss Frances Royall.
10. Miss Mary K. Jones.
11. Miss Alice Cook.
12. Mr. Paul Pettit.

Miss Sallie Guerrant.



- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
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| 3. Miss Helen Howarth. | 9. Miss Mary Hall. |
| 4. Miss Ida Routh. | 10. Miss Hilda Huddle. |
| 5. Miss N. H. Leftwich. | 11. Mr. A. D. Joyner. |
| 6. Miss Francis Browning, | 12. Miss Inez Wells, |
| Miss Charlotte Gilliam. | |

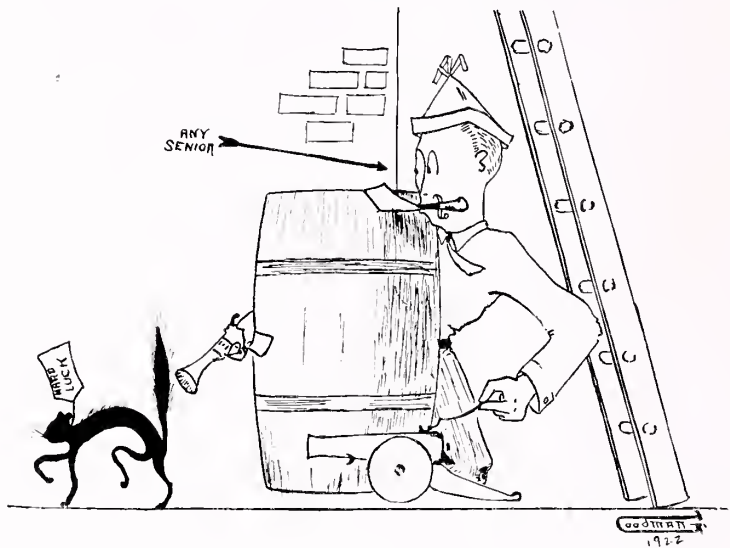


1. Mr. Melvin Macaoul.
2. Miss Bess Rice.
3. Miss Annie Riddle.
4. Miss Anna Fry.

5. Miss Harriet Thomas.
6. Miss Bessie Peck.
7. Miss Louise Chiles.
8. Miss Ruth Jarratt.

Miss Elizabeth Drewry.

SENIORS



Senior Class.

FEBRUARY.

Marion Scott, President.

Donald L. Goodwyn, Vice-President.

Wilfred Bamber, Secretary and Treasurer.

JUNE.

Lois Barnes, President.

Margaret McClure, Vice-President.

Frances Meacham, Secretary and Treasurer.

Henry Plummer, Historian.

Elizabeth Nicholson, Poet.

Marie Schmidt, Will Writer.

Olin Gates, Statistician.

Mary Robertson, Prophetess.

Colors: Old rose and silver. Flower: Rose.

Motto: Semper Fidelis.



Mary G. Laubscher, Mascot.

FEBRUARY CLASS.



WILFRED CURTIS BAMBER

"BILL"

"The very pineapple of politeness."

Matriculated '20; Assistant Business Manager of *Missile*, '21; President of Local History Club, '21; Treasurer February Senior Class; Member of Athletic Association and Page Literary Society.

DONALD LEE GOODWYN

"SQUINCHIE"

"A mother's pride."

Hi-Y Club; Page Literary Society; Local History Club; Science Club; Poet of June Class of '21; Vice-President of February Class, '22; Football (2 years).



NANNIE MAE BIRDSALL

"NANNIEMAE"

"To know her is to love her."

Athletic Association; Page Literary Society; Local History Club; Science Club.

GLADYS EDNEY

"Her eyes are stars of twilight fair."

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Friendship Club.



DOROTHY PARRISH

"Dotty"

"To see her is to love her."

Friendship Club; Page Society; Athletic Association.

LOUISE PERKINS

"Perkie"

"She was good as she was fair."

Page Literary Society; Athletic Association; Friendship Club; Service Club.





SUE E. RITCHIE

"SUE"

"Modest and sweet as a shy woodland flower."

Local History Club; Page Literary Society; Athletic Association.

MARION SCOTT

"SCOTTIE"

*"To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee know all words are faint."*

Matriculated, '18; Secretary of Page Society; President of February Senior Class, '22; Editor-in-Chief of Annual; Local History Club; Friendship Club; President and Secretary of Science Club; *Missile* Reporter; Athletic Association; President of Civics Club; Spanish Club; Member of Second Team of Basketball.



VIRGINIA RAMEY TUCKER

"TUCKIE"

"Of mild manners and gentle heart."

Secretary of Friendship Club; Associate Editor of Annual; Page Society; Local History Club; Science Club; Civics Club; *Missile* Reporter; Athletic Association; Orchestra; Honor Graduate in February Class.



JUNE CLASS.

JAMES GORDON BOWMAN

"The mild manners with the bravest mind."

Hi-Y; Page Society; Athletic Association.



HOWARD CAIN

"A faultless body and a blameless mind."

President of Athletic Association two years; President of Hi-Y; Won three Basketball, Baseball, and Football letters.

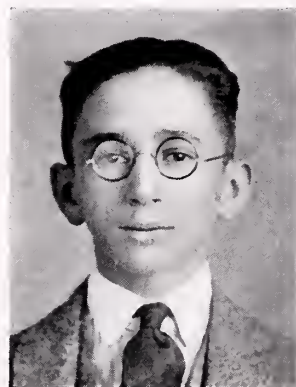


HYMAN CANTOR

"MOLLIE CULE"

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Local History Club; Page Society; Athletic Association.





HARRY R. COOPER

"His every foot hath music in it."

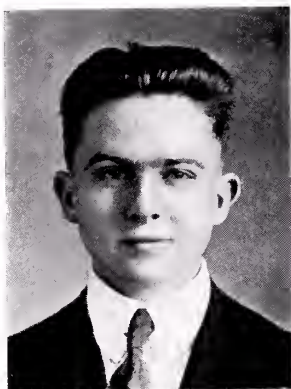
Page Society; Hi-Y; Local History Club; Orchestra; Band;
Annual Staff; *Missile* Staff; Business Manager of
Manager of Athletic Association.

JAMES McGUIRE EZELLE

"JIMMIE"

"Woman, I know not what thou art."

Missile Reporter; Athletic Association.



OLIN REGINALD GATES

"HANK"

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Business Manager of *Missile*; Hi-Y; Local History Club;
Athletic Association.

MARVIN GILL

"BUD"

"He was so generally civil that nobody thanked him for it."

Hi-Y; Page Literary Society; Local History Club; Science Club; Athletic Association; *Missile* Reporter.



HENRY GAINES GOODMAN, JR.

"MONK"

"I am very fond of the company of ladies."

Art Editor of *Missile*; Page Society; Local History Club; Athletic Association.

EDWARD CLINTON JONES

"CLIN"

"What he greatly thought, he nobly dared."

Daniel Society; Science Club; Hi-Y Athletic Association.





HENRY LYNE PLUMMER, JR.

"LITTLE MAN"

"Then he will talk, good gods how he will talk."

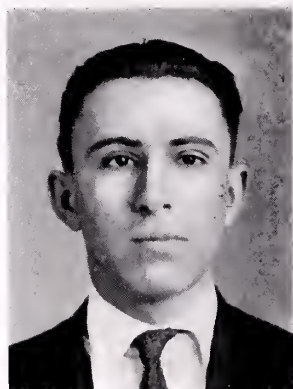
Ex-Editor of *Missile*; Associate Editor of *Missile*; Hi-Y; Science Club; Page Society; Annual Staff; Athletic Association.

MORRIS SHREIBER

"MORRIE"

"Too civil by half."

Orchestra; Page Society; Daniel Society; Local History Club; Science Club; Athletic Association.



ROBERT BARRETT SKINNER

"PHILIP"

"He from whose lips divine persuasion flows."

Boys' Athletic Editor and Circulation Manager of *Missile*; President Science Club; President Page Society; Civics Club; Mu Epsilon Phi; Local History Club; Baseball; Hi-Y; Annual Staff; Band; Orchestra; Secretary and Treasury of Varsity Club.



WILLIAM GARLAND TALMAGE

"IGNATZ"

"For a' that and a' that, a man's a man for a' that."

Page Society; Local History Club; Basketball; Hi-Y; Athletic Association.



BARCLAY ROSS WALTHALL

"Woo Bock"

"Handsome is as handsome does."

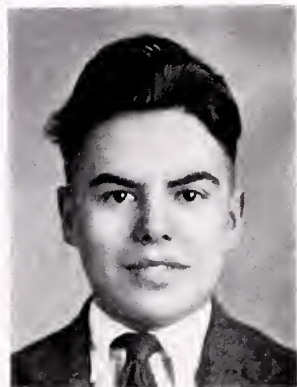
President Page Society; Football; Basketball; Mu Epsilon Phi; Athletic Association.

HYMAN B. WEINBERG

"WINNIE"

"He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man."

Local History Club; Page Society; Athletic Association.





LOUIS WICE

"Lucy"

"Wise to resolve and patient to perform."

Basketball; Manager Boys' Athletic; Local History Club;
Band; Page Society; Hi-Y; Annual Staff.

EVA LOIS BARNES

"Sis"

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wiest looks."*

President of Friendship Club; Editor-in-Chief of *Missile*;
Editor-in-Chief of Annual; Associate Editor of *Missile*;
President of June Senior Class; President of Sophomore Class;
Vice-President Page Society; Vice-President Civics Club;
Missile Reporter; Local History Club; Athletic Association.



EMMA GLADYS BECK

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

Page Society; Local History Club; Athletic Association.

FRANCES BOZEL

"BHUI"

*"Among the true and the frank
Her name will hold first rank."*

Athletic Association; Daniel Society; *Missile* Reporter.



MARGARET DALLAS COLE

"MARGIE"

"Peaceful child, honest and sincere."

Friendship Club; Daniel Society; Local History Club; Athletic Association; Civics Club.

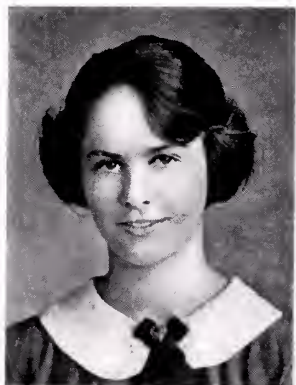
MARY STUART HAMILTON

"CONTRARY"

*"She's pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on, too."*

Local History Club; Page Society; Friendship Club; Athletic Association.





SARA ATWATER HAMILTON

"FUNNY FACE"

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

Vice-President Sophomore Class; Page Society; Science Club; Athletic Association; Local History Club; Friendship Club.

MARY GRAY HARGRAVE

"STICKS"

"Always carols lustily."

Matriculated '21; Basketball Team; Page Society; Friendship Club; Local History Club; Athletic Association.



ANNIE MAY HODGES

"ANN"

"Of spirits gay and kindly heart."

Daniel Society; Athletic Association; Local History Club.



MARGARET BOLLING JONES

"POLLY"

*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of many maidens are."*

President Civics Club; Annual Staff; Alumni Editor of *Missile*; Vice-President of Local History Club; Secretary and Treasurer Junior Class; Secretary of Athletic Association; Secretary Page Society; *Missile* Reporter.



MARGARET PETERS LAMB

"MARGIE"

*"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."*

Matriculated '20; Page Society; Friendship Club; Local History Club; Athletic Association.



DOROTHY KATHERINE LYONS

"DOT"

"Behold her as a blushing rose."

Page Society; Local History Club; Friendship Club; Athletic Association; Civics Club.





DOROTHY ALLEN MAYES

"Dot"

*"When she stood up for dancing,
Her steps were complete;
The music nearly killed itself
To listen to her feet."*

Matriculated '20; Treasurer Friendship Club; Local History Club; Page Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club.

CECIL HOPE MAYTON

"C"

"Laugh and be fat, see and be seen, study to be quiet."

Missile Reporter; Daniel Society; Friendship Club; Athletic Association; Science Club; Civics Club.



EMILY LOUISE McCALEB

"Lu"

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Athletic Association; Page Society; Local History Club; Friendship Club; Civics Club.

MARGARET RANDOLPH McCLURE

"PEGGY"

*"Happy I am, from study I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"*

Local History Club; President Page Society; Vice-President June Senior Class; President of Junior Class; President 4-A Class; Alumni Editor of *Missile*; Civics Club; Athletic Association.



FRANCES OLIVER MEACHAM

"FANCIE"

"A mighty hunter, her prey is man."

Secretary and Treasurer June Class; Secretary of Junior Class; Associate Editor of *Missile* and Annual; Page Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club.



MARY TEMPLE MEACHAM

"TEMPS"

*"An ideal girl in every way,
The kind of friend you don't find every day."*

Treasurer of Friendship Club; Annual Staff; Page Society; *Missile* Reporter; Civics Club; Athletic Association.





FRANCES BIRD MILLER,

"TOMMY"

*"She's little and she's dainty,
She's modest and she's shy."*

Associate Editor of Annual; Page Society; Friendship Club;
Local History Club; Athletic Association.

ELVA KEEN MOORMAN

"SPECK"

"I never knew how fair she was until she smiled on me."

Page Society; Athletic Association; Local History Club;
Friendship Club.



SARA ELIZABETH NICHOLSON

"LIZZIE"

"Away with her, away with her, she speaks Latin."

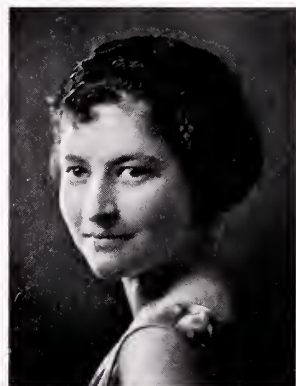
Class Poet; Secretary of Page Society; Head Reporter of
Missile; Exchange Editor of *Missile*; Friendship Club;
Civics Club; Athletic Association; Secretary of Sopho-
more Class; *Missile* Reporter.

KATHRYN CORLEY PRICE

"MRS. AUDRIBOR"

"To see her is to love her."

Friendship Club; *Missile* Reporter; Science Club; Annual Staff; Civics Club; Athletic Association; Daniel Society.



MARGARET ROSA RITCHIE

"PEGGY"

"True to herself, true to her friend, true to herself always."

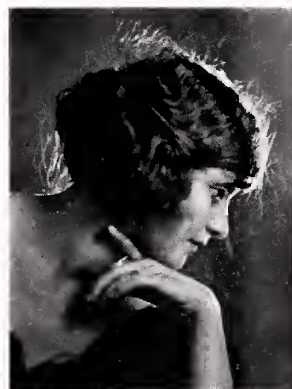
Page Society; Athletic Association; Local History Club; Civics Club.

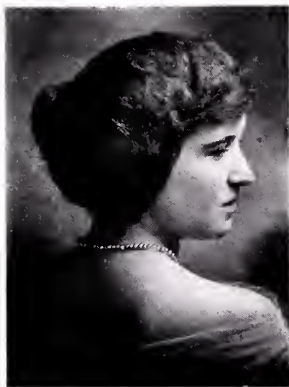
IRENE RITTENHOUSE

"RENE"

"They always talk who never think."

Page Society; Civics Club; Athletic Association; *Missile* Reporter.





LILLIAN MAGELINE ROBERTS

"LIL"

"A woman of her gentle sex, a seeming paragon."

Science Club; Girls' Quartette; Local History Club; Friendship Club; Daniel Society; *Missile* Reporter; Athletic Association.

MARY IRBY ROBERTSON

"ROBBIE"

"Who thinks too little and who talks too much."

Annual Staff; *Missile* Staff; Class Prophet; Basketball; Page Society; Friendship Club; Local History Club; Athletic Association.



ELIZABETH LIVINGSTON ROGERSON

"LIZZIE"

"Sweet 'n pretty."

Page Society; Local History Club; Athletic Association; Civics Club.



VIRGINIA MARIE SCHMIDT

"OUI"

"Still water runs deep."

Secretary of Friendship Club; Will Writer; Local History Club; Page Society; Athletic Association; Civics Club.



HELEN PARKE SHACKLEFORD

"SHACK"

"Red as a rose is she."

Local History Club; Page Society; Friendship Club; Civics Club; Athletic Association.

LOUISE ELLIOTT SMITH

"EASE"

"Though I'm always in haste, I'm never in a hurry."

Page Society; Local History Club; Athletic Association.





HELEN LEE STRAILMAN

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Page Society; Athletic Association; Local History Club;
Civics Club.

ANN COLE TOWNSEND

"ANNIE"

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."

Basketball Team; Treasurer Page Society; Vice-President
Page Society; Vice-President Friendship Club; Treas-
urer Friendship Club; Secretary and Treasurer Local
History Club; Science Club; Athletic Association; An-
nual Staff; Civics Club.



ALICE DE JARNETTE WARREN

"THUMB TACK"

"The most precious articles come in smallest packages."

Page Society; Local History Club; Friendship Club; Ath-
letic Association; Civics Club.



A BALLADE OF 1922.

Dear graduates of twenty-two,
Who take up soon a new career
That's filled with hopes of rosy hue,
Praise be to you as it draws near,
You who have shared each hope and fear
Of your dear school, old P. H. S.,
Have held its standards high and dear,
While each heart cried, "On to success!"

From childhood's ways to man's you grew,
And faced hard tasks with smiles of cheer,
And tried with flow'rs the way to strew,
And faced your goal with soul sincere,
In work that often seemed so drear—
But this you did not dare confess—
You conquered though with bitter tear,
While each heart cried, "On to success!"

And you, dear class, with reverence due
Your truth, your staunchness we revere.
Ah! that our voiceless thoughts you knew;
Ah! that our hearts might break forth here
And sound your praise through each long year!
But words now fail; nought they express,
Thus speechless now we stand and hear
While each heart cries, "On to success!"

L'Envoy.

Oh! class of classes persevere,
And upward, onward ever press,
May all your way be bright and clear,
While each heart cries, "On to success!"

S. ELIZABETH NICHOLSON.



- COOPER -
12



CUTEST



MOST DIGNIFIED



MOST DIGNIFIED



MOST ORIGINAL



BEST ALL ROUND



MOST ATTRACTIVE



MOST ORIGINAL



PRETTIEST

1. Hyman Cantor.
4. Elizabeth Nicholson.
8. Margaret Jones.

2. 4B Classroom.
5. Frances Meacham.
8. Marvin Gill.

3. Clinton Jones.
6. Lois Barnes.
9. Sarah Hamilton.

CLASS



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CLASS HISTORY, '22.

The graduating class of February and June, 1922, has made a singular record for itself in its four-year course through High School, both in scholarship and in school activities. It has led the school along both of these lines. This class also is probably the largest group of students listed for graduation at any one time at the Petersburg High School. To say that it excelled in scholarship is enough in itself, but the record made in school activities should be dealt with in detail.

The Athletic Association was heartily endorsed in all of its activities by the class as a whole. In addition the class as Juniors gave the following officers to the Athletic Board: Howard Cain, president; Margaret Jones, girls' business manager; Stanley Hargrave, boys' business manager. In its Senior year Howard Cain was again elected president, while Margaret Jones filled the office of secretary; Louis Wice and Harry Cooper being chosen business manager and assistant for the boys.

The Missile staff also received its full share of officers from this class, being represented in the Sophomore year by Robert Skinner, filling the office of boys' athletic editor. The Junior year saw many more officers on the staff filled by class '22. Lois Barnes and Gaines Goodman were appointed associate editors; Margaret Jones and Margaret McClure filled the office of alumni editor, Henry Plummer was ex-editor; Elizabeth Nicholson was head reporter; Robert Skinner, circulation manager, assistant business manager being Wilfred Bamber. In the Senior year as many were elected to the staff. Lois Barnes became editor-in-chief; Henry Plummer, associate editor; Elizabeth Nicholson, ex-editor; Mary Robertson, head reporter; business manager, Olin Gates; art editor Harry Cooper and Gaines Goodman. This year the Seniors sponsored the changing of the Missile to the magazine form. It was decided also that an Annual should be added to the regular copies of the Missile, and the Senior Class furnishes the entire staff of this number. It is as follows:

Editors-in-Chief—Lois Barnes, Marion Scott.

Associate Editors — Frances Meacham, Virginia Tucker, Frances Miller, Mary T. Meacham.

Boys' Athletic Editor—Ross Walthall.

Girl's Athletic Editor—Annie Townsend.

Joke Editor—Robert Skinner.

Art Editor—Harry Cooper, Gaines Goodman.

Chairman Photograph Committee—Margaret Jones.

Chairman Snapshot Committee—Mary Robertson.

The Page Literary Society has been the favorite of class '22. They took an active part in this work, as is shown by the officers who served in this society. In the first term of the Junior year Annie Townsend was elected treasurer of this society. In the second term Robert Skinner was president; Anne Townsend was elected vice-president; Margaret Jones doing the secretary's work. In the first term of the graduating year Ross Walthall became president; Lois Barnes, vice-president, and Elizabeth Nicholson, secretary. The 4-B term saw Margaret McClure president of this organization. The Daniel Society was represented by Corley Price, member of program committee, '21.

The History Club, having as officers Wilfred Bamber, president; Margaret Jones, vice-president, and secretary and treasurer, Anne Townsend, took a delightful and instructive trip to Jamestown, by way of the Appomattox river, and saw the place of the first permanent English settlement in America.

The officers of the Civics Club in the Senior Class are: President, Margaret Jones; Vice-President, Lois Barnes, and Assistant Secretary, Henry Plummer. This club visits places of civic interest in the city and tries in this way to make better citizens.

The Science Club, composed of Senior Physics pupils and 3-B Chem. pupils, had Marion Scott, president, in the Junior year from the '22 class. Its officers in the Senior year were Robert Skinner, president, and Marion Scott, secretary.

The Hi-Y Club, a combined High School and Y. M. C. A. organization, received Howard Cain, president, and Garland Talmage, secretary and treasurer, from old class '22.

The Friendship Club, a club combining High School with Y. W. C. A., saw these officers filling its positions from the Senior Class: Margaret Jones, treasurer, '20; Corley Price, chairman Membership Committee, '21; Lois Barnes, president, '22, and Marie Schmidt, secretary, '22.

When the honor system was installed in P. H. S. a boys' club was formed to sponsor it, the Mu Epsilon Phi Club. Robert Skinner and Ross Walthall were the representatives from the Senior Class elected to this club.

The High School Band and Orchestra contains three talented boys from this class. They are Robert Skinner, Harry Cooper and Louis Wice.

The Girls' Quartet, which has given us good music

on assembly mornings, contains Lillian Roberts, who graduates this year.

The class contributed very generously to the school Liberty Loan Fund, Piano Fund, War Memorial Fund, and various War Reliefs. It is also represented on the High School Budget Committee.

In the course of the class through High School a few names should be mentioned who dropped out of line before the goal was reached. Among these are Doris Rogers, who was on the first honor committee elected by the school; Theo. Feild, member of Mu Epsilon Phi Club and president of Science Club one year; Dorothy Rahily, an active member and several times on the Program Committee of the Page Literary Society; Minor Andrews, business manager Missile '21, and Eustace Bellinger, whose athletic record is only excelled by that of Howard Cain.

We have spoken of many clubs and societies which mean work and study, but let us now turn to athletics. In football we are represented by Cain who won three letters and a gold football for best backfield man in '21 season. Also Donald Goodwyn and Ross Walthall made the team and made good. The basketball team was represented by Howard Cain, three letters; and Ross Walthall. Cain was captain of this team for three years. Marvin Gill and Garland Talmage made good on the second team. The baseball team was represented by Cain and Skinner—Cain again winning three letters. The girls' basketball team also thanks Mary Hargrave, Annie Townsend, Mary Robertson and Lula Ruffin for their good work on the first team. Marion Scott made the second team.

This class in addition was the first to enter the new building, and begin their High School career under its roof. It has also always upheld the principles of honor in the school, and in order to strengthen the school honor system the class instituted a private system of its own in its Senior year.

This sums up the history of old class '22.

They meant well. Did they do well? We leave it to you.

HENRY L. PLUMMER, Jr.



4-A Class.

CLASS SONG.

(To the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland.")

At last we've reached this longed-for day—

In P. H. S., old P. H. S.

And now "good-bye" we've come to say

To P. H. S., old P. H. S.

We'll ne'er forget the fun we've had—

Perhaps we made the teachers mad—

We're sorry now if we've been bad—

In P. H. S., old P. H. S.

We hate to leave you, dear old school—

P. H. S., old P. H. S.

'Twas here we learned the golden rule—

In P. H. S., old P. H. S.

But when we're gone, we won't forget,

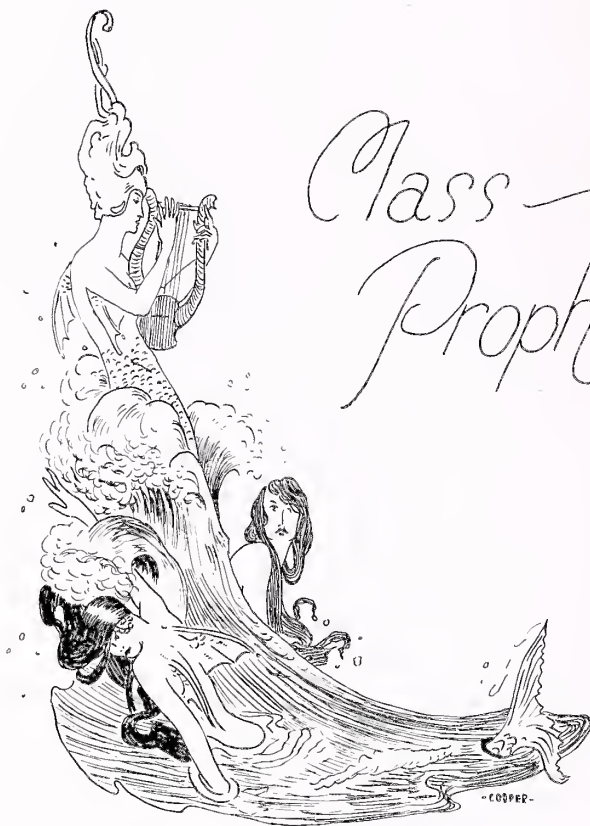
The things we've learned, while here, you bet,

We w'll all remember our great debt

To P. H. S., old P. H. S.

MARY TEMPLE MEACHAM.

Class — Prophecy



CLASS PROPHECY.

Many years have passed since the happy care-free days at dear old P. H. S. As I sit before my fireside my mind continually reverts to that period of my life. How well do I recall Mr. Miller telling us that we were now dignified Seniors and should act accordingly. And again to me the memories of our last days together were both sweet and sad. Sweet in that they brought back a realization of a school girl's happy, care-free life; sad in that they meant a parting.

We are all out in the world now that seemed so big and strange. What would I not give to return again to the dear old High School where I might sit contentedly while Mr. Miller tells his jokes, or tremble like a leaf as I endeavor to answer the question fired at me, or might I once more be allowed to cut fish and other such creatures in Miss Cooper's classes; or again to go to Mr. Scott's Math and hear some of his sarcasm.

I simply must stop my dreaming as I have other work to do.

Oh! what in Heaven's name? Whence cometh this great white figure? The words of "Hamlet" come to me:

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from Heaven or blasts from Hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable

Thou comest in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee;"

"Be not afraid," quoth the figure, "I'm the ghost of thy grandsire and would not do thee harm. I'm given the power to see what transpires beneath Heaven, but am supposed to speak not of it to mortal man. I find in thee a kind spirit, hence I will tell thee what thou wishest to know above all things. In thy dreaming this eveing thou hast wondered where the pathways of thy classmates have led. If thou wilt keep thy mind free from worldly things I will tell thee. I will make thee speak the words because thou canst not appreciate the pictures of thy schoolmates' lives until after thou hast spoken."

Oh! I feel myself slowly, yet surely, sinking and slipping into oblivion.

What is this great structure rising up before me? Can it be possible? Yes, it is the grand old High School. Now in the auditorium I hear a voice saying to a large assembly of pupils, "Pass out quietly." I turn to look, expecting to

see Mr. Wolff, but whom do you suppose I see in his place? Olin Gates!

A glance into the Library reveals some one seated at the desk making twice as much noise pounding on the desk for the room to be quiet than the pupils could ever make whispering. A spitting devil goes off and the person at the desk, perfectly furious, gives the whole room a demerit. I almost faint with surprise when she turns around, for it is Elizabeth Rogerson, who now has Miss Sally's place.

It was now time for recess so at the first floor steps I see a frightened "Freshie" jerked from line by a elderly woman. The "Freshie" is told to report to the office that afternoon for talking on the steps. It is Louise McCaleb, now in Miss Molly's place.

I catch sight of the city of Hopewell, and here I find Wilfred Bamber. He is a Christian preacher and is doing much for the uplift of mankind.

Also in this city I find Helen Strailman, a Christian preacher's secretary who is also helping in the spiritual uplift of mankind.

The scene shifts to a rustic cabin in the country, where Margaret Jones lives. I wonder at this, but it seems that her supreme delight is to dwell with the field.

Another great building now comes up before me and I recognize it as the Central State Hospital. Here I find Robert Skinner as head doctor. And who should be preparing the meals for the sick lunatics but Maria Schmidt.

Next, I go to the A. and B., Restuarant and am rather surprised to find Annie Townsend, a waitress. But you can readily imagine that she's making good money being able to balance such heavy dishes due to the muscle built up in basketball days.

The Capitol City comes in view and the Senate is in session. The Speaker, who seems to be the most important Senator, I find to be our friend Henry Plummer.

Being at the Capitol, I enter the Library. While turning the leaves of a magazine I happen to catch a glimpse of a familiar face. Yes, indeed, it is Elizabeth Nicholson, who is now a model for the "Vogue." Looking through "Vanity Fair" I catch a glimpse of another familiar face. It is Margaret Cole, who is a model.

I glance at a newspaper and see in large headlines that our little friend Hymen Cantor is planning a fight with Jack Dempsey for his title.

Sarah Hamilton's family are having a pretty hard time keeping her out of the bricklaying business, but I don't think she's responsible, since it's more than likely due to her association with a certain Mason.

Where the Hudson flows gently by a large city is an amphitheater. Here "Sticks" Hargrove sings her way into the hearts of thousands of people. She is now in close rivalry with Galli-Curci.

Morris Schrieber, determined that "Sticks" shall not outclass him in music is Paderewski's only rival. We are now having victrola records in all our homes by both Schrieber and "Sticks."

Now comes Lois Barnes. Well I remember her unusual capacity as a leader, so naturally I am surprised to find her in the midst of a campaign for President of the United States. The interesting feature of the campaign is that she is running against her husband.

I see Wilcox Lake, and it is the Fourth of July, so of course they are having added attractions. The center of attraction seems to be a woman of medium height, in a zebra-striped bathing suit, who is doing fancy diving. Upon close observation I discover it to be Helen Shackelford.

I come now to a theater in New York where great throngs of people are waiting to enter. I find that the attraction is Gaines Goodman who impersonates the part of a woman so perfectly that none is able to tell the difference, and, of course, all the men fall for him.

My mind wanders to an immense amusement park where myraids of electric light turn darkness into day. In front of one of the largest buildings the world-famed toe-dancers, Cecil Mayton and Margaret Ritchie, draw great throngs of people into the "Bright Lights." In the center of the park relating thrilling and hair-breadth experiences stand "Mutt and Jeff" whom a close examination reveals to be Lulu Ruffin and Mary Hamilton.

Our classmate, "Monk" Hargrave, is the star pitcher for the Giants. He has outclassed "Babe" Ruth in his number of home runs.

Another of our classmates engaged in active service is Frances Miller, now national Y. W. C. A., President.

Louise Smith appears. She has decided to go into the fur business provided she can get a good skinner to help her.

I am led back to Petersburg to the Senate, still the favorite pool room and loafing place. I see Donald Lee Goodwyn, now proprietor of this great house of amusement.

I find myself gazing upon a beautiful mansion on Fifth Avenue, New York. The door of the house quietly opens and a lady, accompanied by a tall distinguished man, walks out and steps into a large automobile. I'm greatly puzzled, for there is something very familiar about the appearance of

the girl, but the scene passes so quickly that I am afraid I have lost it. But in my dilemma Cupid appears and explains that the girl is Lillian Roberts, the tall man her husband. Lillian had proved to be an excellent stenographer, and her employer had succumbed to her charms and persuaded her to be the queen of his heart and home.

Margaret Lamb is now working in one of the prominent coal yards of Petersburg. It is, of course, understood that Margaret has personal interest in the yard.

My attention is called to an accident which has just occurred. It seems as if a jitney hit a street car and the driver is having a hard time explaining it wasn't his fault. I recognize the driver at once to be Marvin Gill, who is now driving his Buick for a jitney.

I am excited. My perspective widens! The Bonnie B. Hair-net factory appears before me. A young lady is posing as an advertisement for hair nets. She is, of course, fixing and refixing her hair. I am not surprised to find that it is Dorothy Mayes.

Dorothy Lyons has married and is living at Claremont. Why she picked Claremont was of course, because her husband lives there.

The Y. M. C. A., comes before me and I see Garland Talmage Y.M. C. A., secretary in place of Mr. Scott.

I'm again led back to the High School auditorium. They are having Tuesday morning assembly. I am very much struck to see that instead of singing hymns as in my days there, they are singing jazz music. I am not surprised at this though when I see that Alice Warren is music teacher and leading them in the singing.

Before me appears a good-looking woman. She has red hair and a fair complexion and, as usual, is smiling. It is Mary Temple Meacham, who writes stories for ten different magazines.

In front of a shoe-shine parlor stands a man who has such a shine on his shoes that it blinds you to look at them. It is Clinton Jones who is in the shoe-shine business. We are sure that he must be saving money by not having to buy shines as he used to do.

This scene is succeeded by an attractive room in a large business college. I immediately recognize a well-known figure standing by one of the tables. Louise Perkins has realized her ambition and has become a successful teacher in a commercial school.

The scene shifts. Crowds are thronging the auditorium in Richmond, eager and breathless to catch a glimpse of the speaker of the evening. A hushed silence falls on all as the speaker stepped upon the platform. In a most

impressive manner she begins "Ladies and gentlemen, my subject this evening is 'Woman's Rights'." I recognize our chum, Corley Price.

At Keith's Century Theatre a famous juggler heads the bill. Can I believe what I see before me? Gordon Bowman is on the stage catching six balls at one time.

We have all heard of the Smith Brothers Cough drops. The original Brothers have died, but succeeding them are two other Smith brothers who have Frances Meacham and Rennie Rittenhouse helping them in their work.

The picture changes and a courtroom scene appears. There is something familiar about the youthful judge. When he renders his decision in calm, deliberate tones, I discover that he is no other than James Ezelle.

I am next led to Palm Beach to see Annie Mae Hodges and Gladys Edney who are there for the season and whose pictures I have seen in the papers as prominent women who are now leaders in Palm Beach's new craze, motorcycle riding.

What are the headlines of the paper? It says Hyman Weinburg is the most famous Shakespearian actor of his day. He plays the part of Romeo, but has not, as yet, found his ideal Juliet.

Now I see a Restaurant which is noted for its clean dishes. And of all people who do you suppose the dishwasher is? It's Virginia Tucker.

Crossing the ocean I catch sight of Frances Bozel who, growing tired of her old lovers, has eloped with a new man and is now fleeing from the wrath of an irate father.

My mind for the last time goes back to the Petersburg High School. Now the High School is noted all over the world for its wonderful athletes and championship teams in all sports. We are not surprised at this though when we find Louis Wice physical director.

I find Gladys Beck and Dorothy Parrish on their way to Figi Islands to establish a school on the plan of P. H. S.

The scene quickly changes again and a beautiful church in Washington appears. A confirmation service is being held, and as I glance up at the bishop, I experience a conflict of emotions. It is our classmate, Ross Walthall.

Over the door of a famous beauty parlor I see this sign: "Marion Scott, Beauty Doctor." At last Marion is in her element. She surely used to know how to wave her hair. Her curly coiffure was the envy of every girl in the Class of '22.

Margaret McClure being a preacher's daughter has decided to live on the Church hill.

I now see Eustace Bellinger in the Hardware business, and he is displaying forks (Fowlkes) in the windows.

My attention is again called to the newspaper. I see that Harry Cooper is now the designer for the Schaffner-Marx clothes.

Our friend Nannie Mae Birdsall became a trained nurse. While nursing one of her patients she attracted him greatly and now they are living happily.

My attention is called to the newspaper. This time I see Howard Cain is the star player in the football game between Harvard and Yale.

The ghost now appears again. I see a sleepy Virginia community. In a cottage "painfully neat," with a half dozen cats purring on the hearth rug and a parrot asleep in his perch, dozing by the fireside sit two old maids, their hair screwed up in a tight little hard knot on the top of their heads. These I recognize as Keen Moorman and Sue Ritchie.

The ghost now disappears, and I can rest with a happy and content mind as I know where the pathways of all my schoolmates have led.

MARY ROBERTSON.



STATISTICS

Name	Admirer of	Noted for	Wants to Be	Is	Liab to Be
G. Bowman	Elizabeth	Eating chocolate pies	Chocolate pie maker	A loafer	Scientific farmer
H. Cantor	Strength	Petiness	Big man	Cute	Hash singer
J. Ezelle	Little folks	Muscles	Bookkeeper	Bashful	President Girls' School
O. Gates	Men only	Business ability	Business man	Frank	Dope singer
M. Gill	Brains	Originality	Dignified	A bluff	Missionary
G. Goodman	Fair sex	Day dreaming	Married	April-like	Snake charmer
G. Jones	Janice	Riding from school	Undisturbed	Dignified	Dry goods clerk
H. Plummer	Room 309	Talking	Professor	Smart	Salvation Army lad
M. Schrieber	Music	Playing violin	Famous	Harmonious	Bell-Boy
R. Skinner	Popular songs	Dancing	Doctor	Witty	Butcher
G. Talmage	Hi-Y	Dignity	Considered deep	Retiring	Theatrical manager
H. Weinburg	Tall people	Silence	Lawyer	Short	Undertaker
L. Wice	Athletics	Basketball	Physical director	A sport	Drayman
L. Barnes	Thin people	Brains	A boss	Ambitious	Bossed
G. Beck	A lover	Studying	Stenographer	Energetic	Dairy maid
F. Bozel	Wood	Persistence	Art model	Reserved	Hair-dresser
M. Cole	A man	Quietness	Graceful	Slow	Ballet dancer
M. Hamilton	"Ease"	Big mind in small body	In seclusion	Popular	Gloria Swanson II.
S. Hamilton	Masons	Looks	Married	Quiet	A Mason
M. Hargrave	Miss Wells	Singing rags	A prima donna	Mischievous	Doctor's wife
A. M. Hodges	Gladys	Writing busin's letters	Literary critic	Dependable	A vamp
M. Jones	The Field(s)	Attractiveness	Dancing teacher	Changeable	Married
M. Lamb	John Charles	Writing letters	Somebody's darling	Happy-go-lucky	Old maid
D. Lyons	Claremont	Her news	A graduate	Dramatic	College widow
D. Mayes	V. M. I.	Going to dances	In the Follies	Neat	Belle of the ball room
C. Mayton	Venus	Width	Toe dancer	Fat	Farmer's wife
K. Moorman	Lois	Sincerity	Belle of Petersburg	Waiting	A schoolma'am
L. McCaleb	Virginia	Punctuality	School teacher	Sweet	Housekeeper
M. McClure	Church Hill	Nerve	Dunn	Accommodating	Social leader

F. Meacham	Wine	Fickleness	Chemistry teacher	Good-natured	Suffragette
M. T. Meacham	Red hair	Happy disposition	Missionary	Cheerful	Chorus girl
F. Miller	Miss Erdman	Constancy	Librarian	Entertaining	Stenographer
E. Nicholson	"Pop" Stuart	Leadership	Noted	Poetic	Circus leader
C. Price	Thinness	Frankness	A nurse	A peach	Movie actress
M. Ritchie	Grant(s)	Squariness	"Peppy"	Conscientious	Theda Bara II.
I. Rittenhouse	"Red"	Vamping eyes	An athlete	Just waiting	Artist's model
L. Roberts	Toombs	Hair	English teacher	Jolly	Head waitress A and B
M. Robertson	Muriel	Athletics	Gym. teacher	Sweet 'n pretty	Dressmaker
E. Rogerson	Helen	Ambition	Math. teacher	Generous	Book agent
L. Ruffin	Basketball	Height	Science teacher	Pale	Governess
M. Schmidt	Frances	History or Civics	Short story writer	Bright	Candy-maker
H. Shackelford	Elizabeth	Mathematical mind	Business woman	Expressive	Disappointed
L. Smith	Robert	Sense of humor	Globe trotter	Pretty	Jilted
H. Strailman	Will	Clothes	Loved	Stylish	Heart specialist
A. Townsend	Kathleen	Studiosness	To be on time	Affectionate	Old married woman
A. Warren	Du Pont Club	Cuteness	Grown	A kid	Fat man in circus
H. Cooper	Art	Styles	A fashion plate	Musical	Gym. teacher
H. Cain	Football	Popularity	A noted athlete	A dear	Barker at side show
R. Walkhall	Ladies	Expressions	Statesman	Handsome	Pres. Mittenhead Club
E. Bellinger	Fowlkes	Bluffing	Social lion	Full of "pep"	Groceryman
W. Bamber	Helen	Flirting	To go to Cuba	Pretty	President of U. S.
D. Goodwyn	"Rennie"	"Ladies' man"	Idle	Prevaricator	President B. Y. P. U.
N. M. Birdsall	Everything	Non-talking	At home	Good	A nurse
G. Edney	Annie Mae	Being silent	Preacher	Indifferent	Toe-dancer
D. Parrish	Miss Leftwich	Typewriting	Schoolma'am	Business-like	Belle of Petersburg
L. Perkins	Room 314	Arguing	Lawyer	Polite	Fashion plate
S. Ritchie	Chemistry	Loafing	Through school	Tall	Dancing teacher
M. Scott	"Keen"	Eating	Anywhere	Thin	Editor of "Progress"
V. Tucker	Mr. Miller	Reading Latin	College graduate	Called "Tuck"	





The Junior Class.





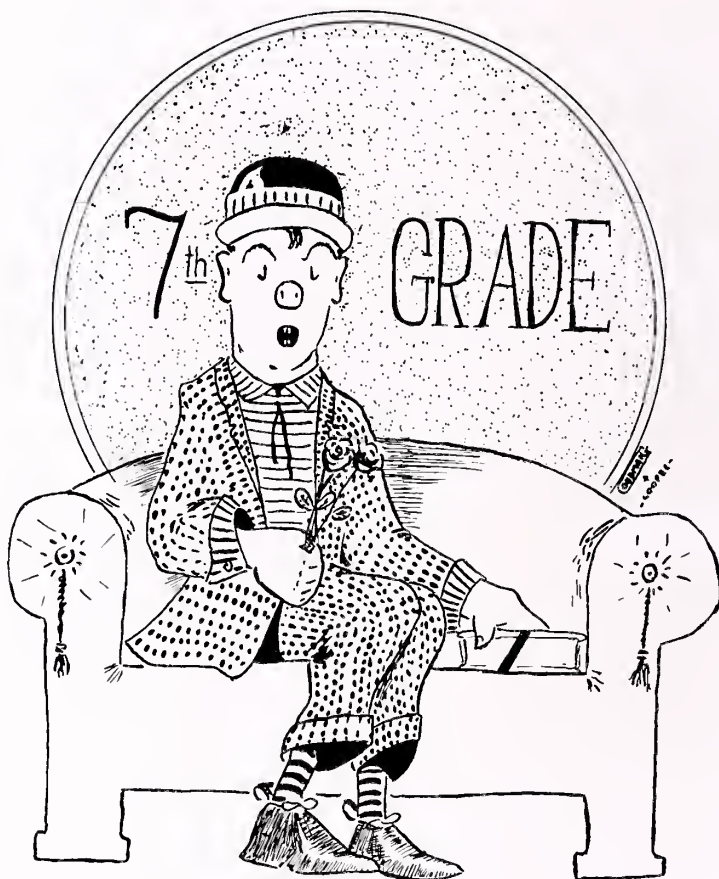
The Sophomore Class.

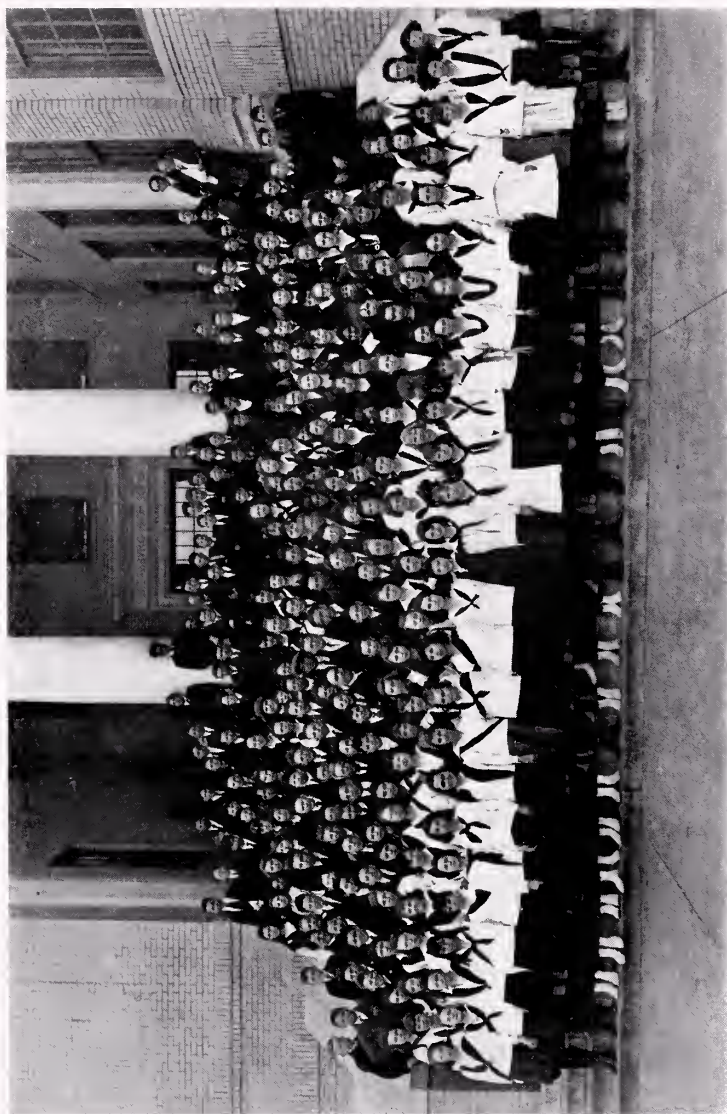
freshmen



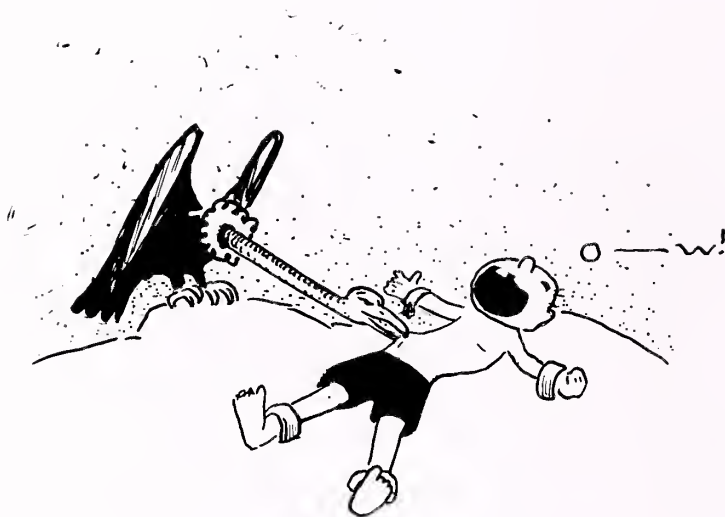


The Freshman Class.





The Seventh Grade.



LAST WILL
~A N D~
TESTAMENT

-COOPER-

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

In the name of God, Amen.

The class of 1922, being of sound and disposing mind, doth hereby make, ordain and publish this, its last will and testament, as follows, to-wit:

Item I—We give and bequeath to the coming IV-B's our beloved class room, 315, and the genial smile of H. Augustus Miller, but to maintain this smile, take a warning from us, Future IV's, and dispense with unnecessary noises and disturbances when the aforesaid is present in the class room.

Item II—We give and bequeath to our friendly Superintendent, F. M. Martin, the power to change his favorite expression, "What I am to be, I am now becoming," to "What I were, I have now became," when addressing us, the Graduated IV-B's, either on the street or in an audience.

Item III—We give and bequeath to our principal, Professor H. D. Wolff, our classics in Shakespeare, so that he may refresh his mind through ancient lore, thereby acquiring a new epilogue to use after the Tuesday morning address. We have thoroughly enjoyed for a number of years his commendation of the speaker's address and now we will a change.

Item IV—To Mr. Miller and Mr. Scott, the Siamese Twins of the Petersburg High School, we hereby instruct our executive to deposit to their credit in the National Bank the magnificent sum of one dollar and forty-nine cents (\$1.49), so that they may purchase a Ford and ride to and from school in an elegant manner rather than await the approach of the Washington Street car.

Item V—We will and bequeath to Mr. Freas, who teaches us to parlez-vous, a book entitled *Love and the Fair Sex*, so that he may increase his awe-inspiring knowledge on the aforesaid subjects.

Item VI—We give and bequeath to Miss Guerrant our undying interest in the establishment of a public library in Petersburg, in order that the pupils of the History and Civics classes may have their time fully occupied with parallel reading.

Item VII—To our dear "Pop" Stuart we make this bequest:

That the pupils who follow will heed his request.

"I WANT ORDER."

We will give him a gavel to hammer this in,
In place of a pencil to quiet the din.

Item VIII—We will and bequeath to Mr. Wine a *New World Spelling Book* to improve his orthography and *Smith's Primary Arithmetic* so that he may learn to make numbers instead of checks when correcting test papers.

Item IX—We give and bequeath to Miss Goodwin a book entitled *How to Work IV-B Arithmetic Examples*, written by Miss Bessie Hall.

Item X—We will and bequeath to the Royall sisters, Sarah and Frances, a messenger boy to carry their notes, so that they may inform each other as to what they will have for supper.

Item XI—We will and bequeath to Miss Whitmore joy and happiness in her future life.

Item XII—To Miss Betty Sweeney we will a little more hot water so that in case of necessity she may dilute her thick soup.

Item XIII—We will and bequeath to Miss Leftwich and Miss Hall the habitual company of Mr. Freas to and from school.

Item XIV—We give and bequeath to Miss Molly Rives and Miss Sally Robertson ideal students like those they taught in the days of long ago.

Item XV—We give and bequeath to Miss Howard a little tin gun so that she may shoot all those terrible microbes which float around in the Domestic Science room.

Item XVI—To Mr. Pettit we give and bequeath the championship which he unquestionably deserves, and to Mrs. Pettit we will a dining-room table, so that Mr. Pettit and she will not be obliged to eat their luncheon off the kitchen table.

Item XVII—We give and bequeath to our friend Snowball, the janitor, children of a more tidy disposition than we who are leaving.

Witness the hand and seal of the class of 1922 this 19th day of May, 1922.

(Signed) MARIE SCHMIDT.

ATHLETICS





State Champions.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL SCORES.

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1922.

Petersburg 22, Hopewell, 6	Petersburg 33, Charlottesv'e 11
Petersburg 36, Lawrencev'e 3	Petersburg 14, Oceana 12
Petersburg 19, Lawrencev'e 3	Petersburg 33, So. Norfolk 20
Petersburg 34, Whitestone 22	Petersburg 39, Hampton 10
Petersburg 33, Charlottsv'e 3	Petersburg 27, Suffolk 13
Petersburg 43, Kenbridge 17	Petersburg 2, Great Bridge 0
Petersburg 12, Depont Club 2	Petersburg 38, Great Bridge 11
Petersburg 27, Kenbridge 25	Petersburg 55, Alexandria 10 (Champs. of District.)
Petersburg 14, Roanoke 12. (Champs. of West.)	

THE TEAM.

Miss Wells, Coach.

Top row, left to right—1. Katherine Hatchett, Manager, G.
2. May Hennessey, S. C.; 3. Mary Robertson, G.

Middle row—1. Olga Goodwin; 2. Pauline Donnan, F.; 3.
Annie Townsend, S. C.; 4. Nellie Williams; 5. Mary Hargrave.

Bottom—1. Dorothy Irvine, Captain, F.



The Football Team.

CHAMPIONS OF OUR SECTION OF DISTRICT.

P. H. S. Basketball Season, 1921-22.

McKenney at P. H. S.—McKenney,	5; P. H. S.,	41
Hampden-Sidney Freshmen at Hamp-		
den-Sidney—H. S.,	14; P. H. S.,	25
Raleigh, N. C., at P. H. S.—Raleigh,	6; P. H. S.,	45
Dinwiddie at P. H. S.—Dinwiddie,	17; P. H. S.,	34
John Marshall at P. H. S.—J. Marshall,	18; P. H. S.,	22
H. S. Freshman at P. H. S.—H. S.,	9; P. H. S.,	25
Dinwiddie at Dinwiddie—Dinwiddie,	10; P. H. S.,	25
Woodrow Wilson at Ports-		
mouth—Woodrow Wilson,	21; P. H. S.,	19
Suffolk at P. H. S.—Suffolk,	9; P. H. S.,	57
Emporia at P. H. S.—Emporia,	16; P. H. S.,	41
John Marshall at Rich-		
mond—John Marshall,	23; P. H. S.,	19
Emporia at P. H. S.—Emporia,	16; P. H. S.,	33
Oceana at Oceana—Oceana,	6; P. H. S.,	28
Maury at P. H. S.—Maury,	16; P. H. S.,	20
South Norfolk at South Norfolk—		
South Norfolk,	15; P. H. S.,	48
Maury at Portsmouth—Maury,	41; P. H. S.,	14
Total scores Opponents, 232; P. H. S., 496		

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

Top, left to right—1. H. D. Wolff, Principal; 2. Howard Cook, G., 3. Tony Edwards, G.; 4. Hunter Mann, C.; 5. Louis Wice, F., Manager; 6. "Red" Joyner, Coach.

Bottom—1. Eustice Bellinger F.; 2. Howard Cain, G., Capt.; 3. Ross Walthall, C; 4. Carl Hardy. F.





MISSILE STAFF.—Top—Robert Wood, Franklin Williamson, Olin Gates. Middle—Gaines Goodman, Harry Cooper, Eustace Bellinger, Maurice Butler. Bottom—Elizabeth Nicholson, Dorothy Irvine, Lois Barnes, Editor-in-Chief, Mary Robertson, Tillie Kaplan.



CIVICS CLUB.

President—MARGARET JONES.

Vice-President—LOIS BARNES.

Secretary—ANDREW LEE LEWIS.

Assistant Secretary—HENRY PLUMMER.

Members—Iredell Barham, Morris Butler, Robert Skinner, Ross Walthall, Louise Bland, Margaret Cole, Dorothy Mayes, Frances Meacham, Mary T. Meacham, Louise McCaleb, Margaret McClure, Pattie Morrison, Elizabeth Nicholson, Ora Lee Perkinson, Corley Price, Caroline Ribble, Margaret Ritchie, Irene Rittenhouse, Elizabeth Rogerson, Marie Schmidt, Helen Strailman, Helen Shackelford, Hazel Walker, Alice Warren.



HISTORY CLUB.

President—WILLIAM YOUNG.

Vice-President—MARGARET LEIGH.

Secretary and Treasurer—EARL BRITTON.

Members—Robins Baskerville, Maurice Butler, Howard Dunnivant, Joe Moore, Frederick Pilcher, Charles Sedivy, Franklin Williamson, Herbert Wolff, Billy Ruffin, Mary Boswell, Mary Coughlin, Mary Cousins, Winnie Creasy, Katherine Hatchett, May Hennessey, Virginia Lewis, Mary McGee, Catherine Ryland, Louise Smith, Edna Warren, Noldi Weber.



SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS CLUB.

President—EMMETT MORRISON.

Secretary—HELEN WILLCOX.

Treasurer—MILDRED SMITH.

Members—Ashby Aldridge, James Ayers, Louis Baxter, Clarence Brockwell, Donald Eller, Joseph Lovelace, Reynolds Marchant, Janet Cohen, Florence McCoy.



PAGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—MARGARET MCCLURE.

Vice-President—EARL BRITTON.

Secretary—NOLDI WEBER.

Treasurer—ROBERT SKINNER.



DANIEL LITERARY SOCIETY.

President—FRANKLIN WILLIAMSON.

Vice-President—ARCHIE MALLORY.

Secretary—DOROTHY IRVINE.

Treasurer—MORTON BLUMBERG.

Critic—I. CHRISTIAN MUNT.



THE RAVEN SOCIETY.

President—MANAS REINACH.

Secretary-Treasurer—DOROTHY TUCKER.

Critic—EDWARD CLEMENTS.

Members—Ashby Aldridge, Clifton Andrews, Gordon Andrews, James Ayers, Edward Clements, "Pat" Drewry, Reynolds Marchant, Manas Reinach, Wilda Bent, Clarine Brockwell, Lula Brydie, Virginia Callis, Helen Eller, Elizabeth Jones, Alleane Lenahan, Mary Munford, Rita Roman, Dorothy Tucker, Helen Youngblood.



FRIENDSHIP CLUB.

President—VIRGINIA LEWIS.

Vice-President—DOROTHY SPIERS.

Secretary—MARIE SCHMIDT.

Treasurer—OLGA GOODWIN.

Members—Lois Barnes, Charlotte Baxter, Maude Bowman, Janet Cohen, Margaret Cole, Muriel Davies, "Pat" Donnan, Nellie Lee Ferrell, Ruth Fowlkes, Olga Goodwin, Elizabeth Hargrave, Annie Jennings, Virginia Lewis, Margaret Lamb, Ruby Lupton, Ruth Lupton, Mary Temple Meacham, Louise McCaleb, Frances Miller, Catherine Moorman, Corley Price, Cleland Price, Mary Robertson, Mary Sandford, Marie Schmidt, Marion Scott, Dorothy Spiers, Mildred Smith, Annie Townsend, Virginia Tucker, Noldi Weber, Helen Willcox, Jessie Young.



HI-Y CLUB.

President—HOWARD CAIN.

Vice-President—LEWIS RIDENOUR.

Secretary and Treasurer—GARLAND TALMAGE.

Members—Eustace Bellinger, Gordon Bowman, Gilbert Burge, Allan Cook, Harry Cooper, Joe Cotten, "Tony" Edwards, Olin Gates, Alex Gilliam, Gaines Goodman, Donald Goodwyn, Marvin Gill, Foster Gresham, Carl Hardy, Stanley Hargrave, James Hargrave, James Howard, Clinton Jones, John Leete, Andrew Lee Lewis, William Lewis, Hunter Mann, Charles Nunnally, Russell Perkinson, Henry Plummer, James Robinson, Billy Ruffin, Robert Skinner, Thomas Smith, George Smith, Perry Wells, Robert Wood, Herbert Wolff, Louis Wice, Ross Walthall.



JUNIOR HI-Y CLUB.

President—HARRISON PURDY.

Vice-President—GORDON ANDREWS.

Secretary and Treasurer—EMMETT MORRISON.

Members—James Ayers, Harold Barnes, Walter Bargam'n, Edwin Bowman, John Branch, Charles Curtis, Frederick Drewry, William Farinholt, Jefferson Gill, Milton Gordon, John McClure, Frederick Pilcher, Gordon Rennie, Charles Ridenour, James Rosenstock, Winston Tanner, James Whitehurst.



INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC CLASS.

Alvin Allen, Marshall Andrews, Harold Barnes, Wilfred Bamber, Everett Boyd, Hazel Branch, Morris Butler, Virginia Brown, Wilson Browning, Frank Butler, Audrey Bozel, Clarence Bragin, Edwin Bowman, Hazel Beck, Bernard Cohen, Willard Channy, Harry Cooper, Wallace Crock-er, Isabelle Crockford, Warner Douthat, Oliver Downing, Grace Ellis, Charles Ford, Jefferson Gills, Foster Gresham, Townley Gamble, Alex Gilliam, Emma Grant, Jack Goodman, Alex Hamilton, Wallace Ingram, Oliver Kolar, Vir-ginia Keys, Edwin Lavenstein, Andrew L. Lewis, Raymond Leahan, Katherine Ledford, Christian Munt, Joe Moore, Annie Milby, Ethel Mann, Percy Moore, Anna Perkins, Bernice Price, Horace Perkins, Robert Pully, Spencer Per-kins, Charles Ridout, Marx Reinach, Sam Riggs, Charles Ridenour, Viola Ruddle, Margaret Ritchie, Henry Smith, Ben Smith, Morris Schrieber, Marie Sedivy, Edward Sinex, Reynold Marchant, Evelyn Smith, Louis Smith, Charles Sedivy, Louis Tipton, Neil Titus, Robert Talmage, Herbert Talbott, Earl Valentine, Hugh Wilkinson, Elizabeth Wells, Leroy Worsham, Olga Wells, Tom Wells.



GIRLS' CHORUS.

Louise Anglin, Annie Atkinson, Charlotte Baxter, Virginia Birchett, Virginia Blackwell, Adelaide Bowman, Marie Bowman, Clarine Brockwell, Dorothy Cox, Janet Cohen, Mary F. Collier, Minnie Crafton, Elise Dancy, Muriel Davies, Anne Diffenbaugh, Frances Dodd, Margaret Eanes, Susie Elmore, Myrtle Franklin, Annie Gates, Elizabeth Hargrave, Virginia Hawkins, Martha Humphrey, Lucille Justice, Olive Kolar, Elizabeth Lanier, Ruby Lupton, Margaret Mackasey, Frances Monson, Honoria Moomaw, Annis Milby, M. McCoy, May McIvor, Elizabeth Nieves, Ruby Perkins, Ellen Pegram, Mamie Powers, Cleland Price, Ruth Pritchett, Harriet Pope, Verna Shaeners, Rose Simmons, Sarah Belle Smith, Mildred Smith, Iris Stone, Ruth Tench, Julian Temple, Virginia Tucker, Elizabeth Williams, Jessie Young, Helen Youngblood.



FRESHMAN CLUB.

President—JANE MCCLURE.

Vice-President—JEWELL CUMMINS.

Secretary—MARY FRANCES HATCHETT.

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School Weekly News Staff.

FIRST TERM. (Left.)

Tillie Kaplan, City Editor.

Charles Beasley, Howard Cain, Alexander Gilliam, Andrew
L. Lewis, Foster Gresham, Katherine Hatchett, Franklin
Williamson, Morton Blumberg, James Howard, Virginia
Brockwell, May Hennessey, Noldi Weber,
Virginia Ayers.

SECOND TERM. (Right.)

Robert Wood, City Editor.

Charles Sedivy, Herbert Wolff, William Young, Perry Wells,
Olga Goodwin, Fred. Pilcher, Joe Moore, Lucile Gregory,
Grace MaGee, Virginia Lewis, Pat. Donnan,
Alice Tipton.



Literary



MR. VACHEL LINDSAY,
OUR FAVORITE POET,
who lectured under
the auspices of the Senior Class in behalf of the Annual,
April 24, 1922.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness.

Mr. Miller sometimes treats us very well,
As you can get his pupils to agree;
But when he starts out on a poetry spell—
Gee whiz! That's where he makes an end of me!
I sit and think as hard as hard can be
Of all the rhymes I've heard and all I know,
But how to make them sense I cannot see,
Tho' I have searched the book-shelves high and low
Until there's nowhere else for me to go.
Of poems and rhymes my brain's a giddy maze,
I've thought two weeks and nothing can I show,
My effort I should think would get some praise—
For all the things I hate and do despise
Sonnet writing ought to take the prize.

MARGARET McCLURE, '22.

HOWARD CAIN.

To thee, to thee, our athlete far renowned,
Do we our voices raise in well won praise,
For always when we championward are bound,
In front of all, both friend and foe, we gaze
On thee, whose wondrous deeds e'en us amaze;
For going 'round the end thou hast a knack;
Thy worth can well be summed up in a phrase,
The greatest e'er to wear the red and black,
No fear has he of having marks to lack,
Among his classes stands he very high.
No matter what the score, a strong comeback
Is always made by him. To do or die,
His motto great. The college team that he
Plays on shall surely always victor be.

LOUIS WICE, '22.

FRIEND OF MINE.

Dear friend, of all my treasures here on earth,
To you they never will compare at all,
It seems to me how very small their worth;
When thinking how you come at every call,
You who come day to day lend for my sake
A helping hand to guide and send me on,
Upon the journey that we all must take;
How much I'll miss you, friend, when you are gone,
For you are constant, loving, always kind,
You never fail or grieve whate'er I do,
You smooth my cares, and joy for me you find.
Oh! tell me, friend, what can I do for you?
I ask not wealth or power, just a friend,
A friend to help me on till life shall end.

HELEN STRAILMAN, '22.

A BOX OF CANDY.

"A box of candy." What a world those few words cover. It can be a large flat box, with a pretty scene on the front, or it may be the kind that is opened and set out under a showcase for the school children to gaze upon with longing eyes and watering mouth. But usually when one thinks of a box of candy, it is a small oblong box about six by four inches; it has a picture in three colors of some kind on top; it is tied with some gilt cord, costs about two or three dollars, "net weight, 2 lbs., 8 oz."

It was just such a box of candy that rested calmly and complacently on the desk in front of William James Smith, Jr. Alone in his room he had taken from the drawer this object of his reflections for the "nth" time. He had firmly resolved that he would give it to her this afternoon. So far so good, but how on earth was he going to do it? Let's see, now; he would go over there and ring the bell and someone would come to the door; he would be asked to come in, and he would say, "Is Mary Ann home?" Soon Mary Ann would come in, and he would rise with a very cordial, "How do you do?"

She would smile and say something and he would advance toward her, holding out the box, saying in an easy, casual way, "Just thought you might want some of this." But wait, that wouldn't work, because suppose she weren't there. Horrors! What would he do then? Oh, yes, he would phone, disguise his voice and ask if she were there; but what if she were to answer—well, he could get away with it, even at that.

So much for objection number one. Of course he never doubted for one minute but that he would assume a free and easy manner. Maybe it would be better if he had a reason for bringing "it." He could say something like "A little token of my esteem." Nope! That wouldn't work; that was too dry and stiff. Oh! to be sure it was after Christmas; he could say he thought maybe she had begun to want candy again after disposing of her Christmas stock. Yes, that was about the best way of going about it, he guessed, but he wished he could think of a better way; no, this was the best way—funny he hadn't thought of it before.

Finally, screwing up his courage, he gathered up this object of his worry and firmly tied it in a piece of wrapping paper near at hand. True, it wasn't a very beautiful package to look upon, but it would soon be untied. Nervously he tied and retied the knot until the bundle was stout enough to stand a trip across Asia in a wheelbarrow.

Thank goodness his parents had gone out that afternoon, and his little sister Marion was off somewhere, so that he was not under the painful necessity of running the gauntlet with this precious but secret package.

Standing upon the front porch of Mary Ann's home, he summoned his last and final bit of courage. His heart beat like a trip-hammer; there was something the matter with his throat and he had to cough to get it untangled.

He reached out to ring the bell and happened to think, "Was his tie on straight? Yes, it was." He reached again, and, setting his teeth, muttered, "The die is cast." Bur-r-r—ring went the bell; then he happened to think he hadn't phoned to see if she were there. Suppose she weren't? What would he do? What would he say? A cold perspiration broke out on his brow; oh, if he could only manage to get away without being seen; but no, there were footsteps on the inside. If he could only drop through the floor, evaporate, become invisible! But it was too late now, so he waited a few hours more, and in the next minute the door was opened.

William looked with a mixed feeling of relief and disgust into the grinning features of little Clarence, age five, the mischievous brother of Mary Ann.

"Hello!" almost screamed the youngster. "I bet you came to see Mary Ann."

Feeling no invitation was necessary from this youth, William, with an almost inaudible "Hello," walked into the room.

"Is Mary Ann at home?"

"Yep; you wanta see 'er?"

"Yes, I'd like to."

Without further ado Clarence climbed half way up the stairs and, bracing himself for the task, let loose an ear-piercing scream of "Mary Ann! Mary A-n-n!"

"Yes, Clarence," tinkled the sweet voice of his sister.

"Well, Will Smith is here," bawled the boy on the steps.

"All right, I'll be there in a minute," she answered.

Returning to the parlor, Clarence began to show his Christmas presents to William, who stood now on one foot and then on the other, at first holding his cap and then laying it down, now with the box under his arm, next in his hands, but never laying "it" down.

All of a sudden Clarence espied this box, and with one bound was at William's side with a dozen questions on his lips. "What's that?" pointing to the box. "I'll bet I know what it is—O-o-o gimme some, won't cha?" Pause. "I'll tell Mary Ann if you don't." Pause. "Ah, come on, please tell me what it is."

At this moment, to William's great relief, footsteps were heard above and soon Mary Ann in all her beauty and radiance entered. For a moment nothing was said, and then the silence was broken by Clarence. "Mary Ann, I betcha don't know what that is?" pointing to the box, now firmly held under William's left arm. William with a glare at his youthful persecutor, turned a beautiful shade of red.

Mary Ann broke the silence by saying, "No, Clarence; but you go upstairs to mamma and I'll give you something nice."

"Aw, nah," complained the disappointed youngster.

But just the same he started for the door at once, with the assistance of a shove from Mary Ann and a look of daggers from William.

It was now time for William to act. He cleared his throat, coughed very slightly, wet his lips, opened his mouth, but no sound issued from that cavity. He tried to think of what he had planned to say, but all in vain. Again he opened his mouth, "Er—a—" He coughed, opened his mouth for one more desperate try, when he noticed Mary Ann's brother, just outside the door, taking in the whole show.

With a desperate effort he blurted out, "Here!" and, thrusting the box into the hands of the astonished Mary Ann, made a wild rush for the door.

MARIE SCHMIDT, '22.

TO A PIECE OF COAL.

So ugly, black and dirty, too,
To some you seem to be,
And none would guess, 'tis very true,
What's there for them to see.

Once in the ages long since past
A bed of ferns you lay;
The stately trees decayed at last;
You were not formed today.

You leave your home back in the hills
To warm the pauper's cot;
Your glow the royal palace fills,
This is your given lot.

The swarthy railroad and the mill
Bow to you, mighty king;
Both rich and poor obey your will
And to your sceptre cling.

So black you came from hills all bent,
You baffled Earth's disdain;
And when your useful life is spent
Your embers white remain.

ANNIE TOWNSEND, '22.

A STUDY IN GREEN.

When a crook or a thief gets by without being caught, it makes him swell-headed. Herbert Perkins was one in this class; he was a typical small-town crook. He possessed the usual walk that conceited people usually develop and thought himself a wise guy. He was about the average in size, neither bad looking nor good looking, but wore his quota of the ten cent variety of jewelry. All his friends called him Herb instead of Herbert, because he had a very green and seedy look.

Charles Randolph was exactly the opposite of Herb; he was a droll dresser and did not have the flashy appearance of Herb. He was about the same size, however, and looked to be in bad health. He had been in town only a few months and did not talk much; hence no one knew much about him. Some said he was a reformed prisoner, while others said he was a miser.

Charles didn't know Herb personally, but they both happened to eat in the same restaurant several tables apart. One day Herb noticed, when Charles went to pay up for his meal, that he took a large, fat pocketbook out of his inside overcoat pocket and handed the man a bill in payment for his meal. Immediately there flashed across the cunning mind of Herb, "Why not some day exchange coats with this man and walk away with the pocketbook full of bills?" He had a brand new coat exactly like the old dirty torn one of this man, and if he was caught he could say he took the wrong coat by mistake.

That night as Herb, the bronzed athlete of the pool table, shot pool, he laid his plans carefully. He would eat at the next table by this man and hang his coat on the same rack with the other man's. When the man was in midst of his meal, he would take his coat, put it on as if it was his own, and walk out. He chuckled to himself how easy it was as he got sunburned by the electric light.

The next day the man came in as usual, took his seat, and gave his order. A little behind him Herb came in, hung up his coat by the stranger's and saw where the pocket bulged with the fat pocketbook. His mouth watered at the thought of the money. He looked at the sign on the wall—**MANAGER NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HATS AND COATS**—and laughed. How soft it was if one would only use his head as he did!

When the man was in the midst of his meal, Herb took the coat and walked out innocently. When he reached the street, he hurried to his rooming-house, feeling the heavy pocketbook at his side. He figured even if he did

have to give up his new overcoat for this old one, he would come out of the deal with a lot of money to the good.

When he reached his room, great was his surprise when he saw the pocketbook contained only a pack of blank paper in which was tucked this little note—"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, but do them first; it is not what you think you is, but what you is that counts. All are not slickers who think themselves slick. Think twice before you act and remember gentlemen do not carry their pocketbooks in their overcoat pocket. Thank you for the new overcoat."

"He was not as green as he looked," was all Herb had to say.

MARVIN GILL, '22.

THE FLAPPER'S SOLILOQUY.

To dance or not to dance—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to endure
The scorns of our outrageous elders,
Or to deny them and be a wall-flower
At every party? To sit out—alone—
Forever, and by doing so to say we end
That popularity which once was ours
But is no more. But, if we dance,
That's different. To slip—to stumble—
To stumble! perchance to fall! (aye, there's the rub);
For in that fall so hard what stars we see
When we have hit the floor with all our might
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes dancing so great a calamity.
So now the eternal question comes
As to which side we take. Whether
To sit at home alone, noticed by few,
And sing, "All By Myself," or to defy
The wishes of our wise and much-shocked elders
And dance whenever we feel the inspiration.

LOIS BARNES, '22.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

It was in spring. I saw her face divine,
A maiden fair was standing there, so shy.
The laughing brook and her—yes, her bright eye,
They were the same; like all the wood did shine,
These eyes of her. Oh! Fate. Why should I pine?
To me the only comfort is to sigh.
I know that she refused to love. I cry,
“I love with all my soul; withal be mine.”
I see her now as if it were today.
She told me in her simple way—so plain—
That I was not the one. So I must pay.
I felt that I could not endure the pain,
But strange to tell, I went through it some way.
To all, this fate, who love and love in vain.

R. B. SKINNER, '22.



OUR
INDISPENSABLE
MISS BETTY SWEENEY.



JABS AND STABS.

C. Moorman: "Dorothy, lend me some powder, my face is so dirty."

Emily Roper: "Alice, did you have a good time at V. M. I.?"

Alice Warren: "Oh! wonderful, a hair net didn't last me five minutes."

Speaker in assembly Friday: "I'll have to stop now, as it's time to go back to your classes, and I'm sure you'll all go back with glad hearts."

Voice in audience: "Know any more good jokes?"

Mr. Miller in IV-A English: "Miss Hamilton, does the story end happily?"

Sarah Hamilton: "I guess so; the husband dies."

Wanted—A good-looking teacher, masculine gender.—Ladies of Faculty.

M. T. Meacham: "What keeps us from falling off the earth when we are upside down?"

Mr. Wine: "The law of gravity."

L. Wice: "Well, what kept us on before that law was passed?"

Wanted—A remedy for giggles.—Rene and Frances.

CHEMICALLY SPEAKING.

Ki + S2—Kiss.

This is a very dangerous chemical and should be avoided as much as possible. It goes off in various manners, more often with a sound resembling "smack." The ingredients should be mixed with great care and in private places. The conditions have a great effect on hastening the reaction. Moonlight has often been found to be a perfect catalytic agent. This reaction hardly ever runs to completion, because one almost always leads to further reactions; we may say that the reaction runs to a state of contented equilibrium. This compound cannot be placed in the Periodic table, but some way it seems stable enough and continues to be made by the best chemists and would-be chemists.



L. Wice: "Chaucer must have dictated to a nographer."

Weinberg: "Why?"

L. Wice: "Just look at the spelling."



"Requited Wishes."

At first she asked for love,
And I loved her.
Later she asked to be thrilled,
And I thrilled her.
Yesterday she asked for happiness,
And I left her.

The only gold crown most of us will get will come from the dentist.

Mr. Scott: "Miss Mary, have you worked your proposition?"

Mr. Robertson: "Yes, sir, I have gotten all except the proof."

Mr. Wine: "Tell some of the changes that occur when

Mr. Hamilton: "What is an anecdote?"

M. Lamb: "When it begins to cool, it gets cold."

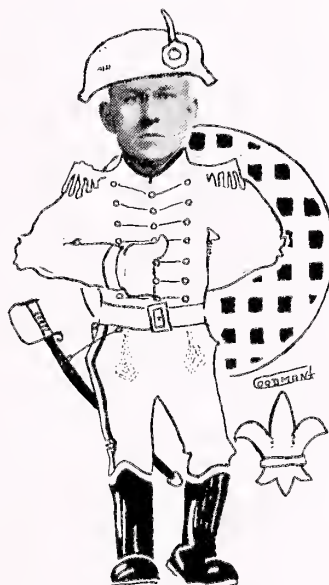
"All men are liars," said the pretty girl and burst into tears.

"But, my dear," said her friend, "you mustn't be such a cynic. There are exceptions."

"Oh, very likely," said the pretty girl, "but all the really nice men are."—"Life."



A well-known Petersburg man
One night last week
Went to the cellar with a match
In search of a gas leak.
(He found it.)





Mr. Miller: "For tomorrow take the life of Wordsworth."

Ross Walthall: "We can't, he's already dead."

Mr. Scott: "What is a curved line?"

Bright Pupil: "It is a straight line no part of which is crooked."

Lois Barnes: "Have you got 'Freckles.'"

Sticks Hargrave: "Do you see any?"

Mr. Stuart to Margaret Lamb, who is having a hard time talking: "Maybe if you would take that wad of gum out of your jaw you could talk better."

It was a very cold day. Two Hebrews were walking down the street, holding their hands deep in their pockets to keep warm, as they shivered in the chilling blast. Suddenly Isaac turned to Jacob and said:

"Why don't you say something?"

"Say something?" replied Jacob. "What do you take me for? Freeze your own hands."

M. Lamb: "What's your idea of a fast man?"

Mr. Robertson: "I'll bite, what?"

M. Lamb: "One that can cut out the lights and get in bed before the room gets dark."

Mr. Scott: "Now, class, watch the board while I run through it."

Notice: When writing jokes for the Annual, please write them on tissue paper so the Editor can see through them.

Gaines Goodman: "I don't think I deserved zero on my last test."

Margaret Lamb: "Neither do I, but it was the lowest Mr. Stuart could give."

Rene Rittenhouse: "What's the longest word in the English language?"

Frances Meacham: "Smiles."

Rene: "That has only six letters."

Frances: "But there's a mile between the first and last letter."



Jim: "What do you mean by a hick town?"
Bob: "It's a town where you can get tomorrow's 'Petersburg Progress' with yesterday's news today."

You Can't Tamper.

Have you heard about the new neckwear for trainmen? They say these railroad ties are quite the rage.



"How much is that canary?"
"Ten dollars."
"Very well; I'll take it. Send me the bill."
"We cannot send the bill without the rest of the bird."

"A FRESHMAN'S SOLILOQUY."

I'd love to be a Senior,
And with the Senior's stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A note-book in my hand.
I wouldn't be an emperor,
For it's hard to be a king;
I wouldn't be an angel,
For angels have to sing—
I'd rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.

—M. S.

Some reasons why our teachers go crazy:

"Somebody took my note-book."
"Somebody borrowed my paper."
"There was a good show last night."
"He made spit-balls out of the corner of my paper."
"I lost my pencil."
"It blew out the window (my book?)."
"Forgot to buy a book."

M. Hamilton: "What is an anecdote?"
Bright Pupil: "A funny, short tale."
M. Hamilton: "I know it, but give me an example."
S. Hamilton: "The rabbit had four legs and one anecdote."

"Focal Length."



Flapper: "Are those field glasses very powerful?"

Sailor: "Miss, these glasses bring things up so close that everything less than ten miles away looks like it is behind you."

L. Smith: "How many miles from Petersburg to Hopewell?"

M. Lamb: "Nine."

L. Smith: "How many Petersburg High School girls would it take to reach from here to Hopewell?"

M. Lamb: "I don't know; it would depend on the size."

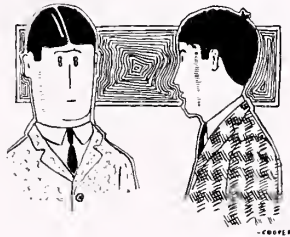
L. Smith: "No. I would take nine regardless, 'cause a miss is as good as a mile."

Billy Hinton: "Why did they sprinkle corn meal on the dance floor last Thursday night?"

J. Hargrave: "To make the chickens feel at home."

Mr. Stuart: "Miss McClure, I wish you would pay a little attention."

Miss McClure: "I'm paying as little as possible."



Plummer: "You don't seem well this morning."

Skinner: "No, I lay insensible for eight hours last night."

Plummer: "What in the world was the matter?"

Skinner: "I was asleep."

Imagine—

Gordon Bowman doing the Argentine tango.
Hyman Cantor as a strong man in a circus.
James Ezelle as a ballet dancer.
Marvin Gill singing "My Wild Irish Rose."
Gaines Goodman not writing notes of love.
Stanley Hargrave posing as an Apollo.
Clinton Jones not remaining outside the building a few minutes after school.

Henry Plummer not working experiments in the laboratory.

Alice Warren with black hair and a "co-ed" at V. M. I.
Morris Schrieber shooting a line to some fair damsel.
Garland Talmage not going to the Hi-Y.
Hyman Weinberg in Piccadilly Square selling pretzels.
Louis Wise having a "Trig" book.
Lois Barnes "flunking."
Mary Hamilton separated from Louise Smith.
Margaret Cole spending "the twilight hour" in meditation.

Mary Hargrave not singing.
Margaret Jones cheek dancing.
Sarah Hamilton not going down Washington Street from school.

Margaret Lamb not knowing anything about the early settlers in Virginia.

Cecil Mayton taking "gym."
Margaret McClure not flirting.
Frances Meacham hating Mr. Freas.
Mary T. Meacham as a teacher of Physics in P. H. S.
Elizabeth Nicholson not worrying about tests.
Corley Price with "bobbed" hair.
Margaret Ritchie as an auctioneer.
Irene Rittenhouse getting a "Golden."
Mary Robertson not using "Slicker Hair Tonic."
Dorothy Mayes not tying her shoes in Civics Class.
Elizabeth Rogerson not knowing where Helen is.
Lula Ruffin selling "Simplex mouse traps."
Marie Schmidt getting a demerit.
Louise Smith in love.
Helen Strailman with a Bamboo house.
Annie Townsend not being the teacher's pet.
Harry Cooper not playing the piano.
Ross Walthall knowing his English lesson.



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